202.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF *ELIZABETH HINDMARSH*,

Who died SEPT. 6th, 1777;

In the TWENTY-FIRST Year of her Age.

LONDON: Printed by R. HAWES,
And sold at the FOUNDRY, in Moorfields, and at the Rev. Mr. WESLEY's Preaching-Houses in Town and Country. 1777.

196
10

W. Musgrave.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

SHORT ACCOUNT, &c.

ELIZABETH HINDMARSH was born at *Alnwick*, in *Northumberland*, May 20, 1757. She was ſent early to School, and was very early inſtructed by her Parents in the principles of Religion. Hence ſhe was remarkably obedient to them, and blameleſs in her behaviour.

Yet when about Eleven, ſhe was deeply affected with a ſenſe of her natural depravity. This put her upon earneſt Prayer, which it pleaſed God to anſwer with ſome intimations of his Love. And altho' this did not continue long, yet ſhe continued to walk circumſpectly, and to love the ways and the people of God.

In February 1777, ſhe was ſeized with a cough and ſpitting of blood, which altho'

ſhe had all poſſible help, ſoon produced a deep conſumption. For ſome time ſhe had hopes of a recovery, but from the beginning of May expected nothing but death. She was now earneſt in preparing for that awful change. And remembering her coldneſs and indifference in the time of health, ſhe told her father with many tears, ſhe was afraid God would not now hear her prayers. However, ſhe continued calling upon him, to pardon her ſins, and prepare her for himſelf.

About the beginning of July, ſhe was removed to *Kingſwood*, where Mr. *Bailey*, one of the maſters, took every opportunity of converſing with her. But for ſeveral weeks ſhe ſpoke little to him, being hindered by natural reſerve, and by a conſciouſneſs, that her heart was not right with God.

About the middle of Auguſt, finding he could not be of ſo much uſe as he deſired, becauſe he knew not the real ſtate of her mind, after preſſing upon her the ſhortneſs of life, the awfulneſs of eternity, and the dreadfulneſs of entring into a world of ſpirits, without the knowledge of God; he intreated her, to tell him the whole ſtate of her mind. She burſt into tears, and thenceforth ſpoke without reſerve.

He

He immediately pointed her to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the ſin of the world: and ſhe was now encouraged to hope for his mercy, and to ſeek him with greater earneſtneſs.

Yet ſhe was not without various temptations. One day, being urged to watch and pray, to ſtrive to enter in at the ſtrait gate, ſhe anſwered, "Nay, I need not *ſtrive*: all that I have to do, is to *wait*; and God will do the work." But ſhe was ſoon convinced, that *ſtriving* and *waiting*, rightly underſtood, are perfectly conſiſtent with each other.

She continued in nearly the ſame ſtate of mind, waiting and longing for ſalvation, altho' much incumbered with bodily pain, till Friday, Sep. 5. This morning, about eleven, ſhe fell into a fit, which ſhe took for a ſign of her approaching diſſolution. And now her exceſſive fears began. She cried aloud. She wept bitterly. She prayed with all her might, ſeeing the king of terrors advancing with haſty ſtrides. The curtain was now drawn aſide, and ſhe ſaw eternity without a covering. She trembled at the thought of meeting an angry God, and of having her doom fixt for ever.

This extreme dread for a while ingroſſed her ſoul, and prevented her attending to any

thing that was ſpoken. But when ſhe was a little more compoſed, ſhe eagerly catched every word. All the afternoon ſhe was deeply engaged in crying to God, to blot out her ſins, and fill her with his peace and love. She frequently aſked, "Do you think he *will* forgive me? And that he will take me to heaven?" Mr. B. replied, "Chriſt will anſwer for himſelf; Hear his own words: *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you reſt.*"

It was a ſtrange ſcene. Her ſenſes were not in the leaſt impaired, but her affections were all in a tempeſt. Hope and Deſpair by turns agitated her ſpirit. She mightily laboured to find the pearl of great price, crying to God, ſtruggling with her unbelieving fears, hard toiling to make the bleſt ſhore, till the tears trickled down her cheeks, and the ſweat broke thro' every pore. When, wearied thro' long delay, ſhe cried out, "O what muſt I do now?"

It was now, God appeared. As her Mother and Mr. B. were inforcing the promiſes of God to helpleſs ſinners, ſhe broke out, "I feel peace and reſignation; but not *that* joy." She was anſwered, "Be thankful for what God *has* given: but reſt not, till you have joy in the Holy Ghoſt."

Before

Before nine, there was heard a quick, ſharp noiſe in her throat. She obſerved them whiſpering and aſked, "Is not this what is commonly called *the Rattles?* How long does it come before Death?" One anſwered, "My friend was thus about an hour." "Oh, ſaid ſhe, what muſt I do? Have I but one hour to live? Alas! Alas! I have not that Joy in the Holy Ghoſt, which I long for."

We told her, Theſe ſymptoms were not always limited to an hour. But if they were, it was eaſy with God to ſupply all her wants in a moment.

Before the clock ſtruck ten, the Lord drew near, and ſatisfied the deſire of her longing ſoul. She was filled with love, joy and peace in believing: Yea her cup ran over. She could now look with compoſure on Death, Judgment, and Eternity; yea and rejoice at their approach. She grieved no more at the loſs of health, friends, or all the world!

Till the Lord manifeſted himſelf unto her, ſhe was full of pain and anguiſh: She could not bear to be moved in her bed, or even to be touched with a finger. But as ſoon as he appeared, ſhe broke out into holy rapture, ſuch as no tongue can ſpeak. She cried, "Happy, happy, happy! I feel no pain now! I am quite well! O ſweet Jeſus! I am going

to

to heaven. Jeſus is mine: He has waſhed me, and I am white as ſnow. O happy, happy, happy!"

While her mouth was filled with bleſſings and praiſe to her adorable Saviour, her Soul was filled with a peculiar regard to her dear Relations. "Write, ſaid ſhe, to my Father, and tell him I ſhall be happy; tell him I am happy. Tell him, I am going to Jeſus, where I hope to ſee him very ſoon."

To her mother ſhe ſaid, "O that my brothers and ſiſter were here, to ſee how kind the Lord has been to me! Write to them and tell them, not to put off the great work to a death-bed. It will be hard work then. I have found it hard: but Jeſus now is mine. It may be, they will mind the words of a dying ſiſter. Tell them, I am gone to glory."

She alſo remembered ſeveral of her acquaintance with peculiar concern. One who ſat by weeping, ſhe called by name, and ſaid, "Weep not for *me*. O weep for your ſins, and turn to God with your whole heart."

But her chief cry was, "O bleſſed Jeſus! Sweet Jeſus! How ſweet he is to my ſoul!"

About midnight ſhe ſaid to ſome that were preſent, "You had better go to bed. Go, take

take your reſt, or you will not be fit for your work to-morrow. I ſhall have new work to do in heaven."

About this time her bodily pain returned. But her ſoul was all ſerene, as knowing that this light affliction would work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. She ſaid, "I am in extreme pain. But why ſhould I ſay ſo? He has been extremely good. He has forgiven me all my ſins! Thank him! Love him! Praiſe him! Pain is nothing: but I want to be gone: I am a great while a-dying. But I am going to heaven: that is enough. The will of the Lord be done."

She then called her mother, to bid her farewell, and deſired her forgiveneſs, if ſhe had ever done any thing to diſpleaſe her. Her mother ſaid, She did not know that ever ſhe had; and afterwards obſerved, She could not recollect, that ever ſhe had been undutiful in any reſpect material. She then ſaid, "I could wiſh my father were here: but I freely give him up. He has been a good father to me: but I have a more tender father where I am going." When ſhe had taken a ſolemn farewel of us all, ſhe lay ſtill for a few moments, but was afraid to ſleep, leſt ſhe ſhould loſe any part of the heavenly treaſure ſhe enjoyed.

About four o'clock, thinking her releaſe drew

drew near, ſhe ſaid, " Is it not time to ſend for Mr. and Mrs. *Simpſon?* They deſired to be called if I grew worſe: and I love to ſee you all by me while I am dying."

But now the power of darkneſs made one more attempt to tear away her ſhield. And ſhe yielded in ſome degree to the temptation, and was ſore troubled, but it was not long before the Lord manifeſted himſelf again, and fixt his abode in her heart. She was filled with his pure and perfect love, and broke out, " O I am a long while a-dying! I long to be gone, but I muſt ſay, Lord, Thy will be done!" And pointing to her breaſt, ſhe ſaid, " Happy here! Happy here! I am full of heaven: yet there is room for more: come, ſweet Jeſus! Take me quickly: guide me thro' the dark valley of the ſhadow of death! I have no doubt: heaven is ſure, Jeſus is mine, for ever, and ever!"

Her mother aſked her, whether ſhe would like to recover? She ſaid, " Ah no, not for a thouſand worlds. I would not change my condition for the happieſt ſtate that life can afford!"

Sat. 6. On the dawning of the light, ſhe ſeemed diſappointed to find herſelf on earth: having ſaid more than once, " I ſhall ſpend a bleſſed Saturday and Sunday in glory. To-

morrow

morrow will be my firſt ſabbath in the regions of bliſs. Mr. *Weſley* will be here to morrow: but I ſhall not be here. While he is ſinging praiſe to God below, I ſhall be praiſing him above."

She aſked ſome who ſtood by weeping, "Why do you weep? Am not I going to Jeſus?" They anſwered, "They were weeping for joy to ſee her triumphing over death.

About eleven o'clock, looking at the fire ſhe ſaid, "Ah! Who can dwell with devouring fire? Who can dwell with everlaſting burnings? But the pain I now feel is all the hell I ſhall have. O ſweet Jeſus, thou art mine. Happy, happy, happy!"

Between twelve and one ſhe was ſcarce able to ſpeak. But the heavenly glory which ſhone in her countenance, declared the bleſſed ſtate of her ſoul, and aſtoniſhed the wondering beholders. One aſked, "Is Jeſus ſtill precious to your ſoul?" She ſaid, "O yes! He is precious indeed. Sweet Jeſus, Come quickly! Take me! Take me quickly, I long to be gone: Bleſſed Jeſus, Come! O happy, happy, happy!"

One aſking if ſhe would be content to ſtay with us till to-morrow? She ſaid, "Yes, if it is the Lord's will. But I would rather go

to

to day: I would rather go now! Come, ſweet Jeſus!"

About two, one aſking her to take a little nouriſhment, ſhe ſaid, "I will eat no more in this world." About three, a friend coming into the room, ſhe looked at him with a ſmiling countenance, and ſaid, "O, I am happy! I ſhall not be long here: I ſhall ſoon be in paradiſe." Not long after, ſhe whiſpered to her mother, "I ſhall be in paradiſe quickly." She then drew her breath once or twice, and expired without a groan.

BRITISH MUSEUM

FINIS.